

Food For Thought

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Summary

New family requires a certain sort of thanking.

“Why did you decide we should celebrate Thanksgiving, Sats?”

Even over the volume of running water in the kitchen sink, Satsuki heard Ryuko’s voice clearly. She took a moment to respond, though. Arranging the words in as careful a pattern as she could before gently flicking the handle to the faucet and clearing the air of background noise. “It seemed appropriate.”

“We aren’t even in America, though? Nor are we Americans?” The tone in Ryuko’s voice was joking and lighthearted even when the connotations of her questions were not. Satsuki turned fully to face her, one hand preoccupied with Ryuko’s half of the infamous scissor blade while the other attempted to wipe rivulets of water from its surface with a rag.

“We are not, no,” she started. A silent ‘but’ wavering at the end as she approached the counter where Ryuko had chosen to park her behind on top of. Much to Satsuki’s internal disgust. “Though it felt appropriate to bring what little blood family,” she emphasized the word with an abrupt flick to Ryuko’s nose, “and chosen family together. Even if it is for a particularly unscrupulous holiday.”

“Heh,” and before Satsuki could move back to the unfathomable amount of dishes that were left to be cleaned, Ryuko had splayed the warmth of her fingers over the back of Satsuki’s neck. Gently holding her captive. “You, being sentimental? Seems unbelievable.”

“Excuse you,” Satsuki emphasized the statement by setting the girth of the scissor blade on the counter beside where Ryuko was seated. The action causing an overly boisterous CLANG to resound throughout the kitchen. “I can be plenty sentimental.”

“I suppose.” Ryuko glanced at the blade in a knowing gesture. The insinuation of Satsuki’s birthday present to her all that was needed to be said on the issue of sentimentality.

“Though, I can say I hardly expected the outcome of our get together to be the way it had,” Satsuki sighed. Allowing the brief moment of exhaustion to cascade over her in an uncomfortable ritual she had silently began to share with Ryuko in secret.

The fingers at the back of Satsuki’s neck worked circles into the muscles taught with stress beneath them. “You seemed like you were having fun, though.”

“Oh, I did,” she started. Mid-sentence when one of the fingers dug in just the right way, eliciting a lengthy groan of satisfaction from her chest. “Just, the chaos is never ending, isn’t it?”

The last few words that left her mouth traveled on chortled high notes. With her eyes closed in enjoyment, she felt Ryuko’s breath tickle her lips before feeling them press against her own. “You wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Every emphasis was accentuated with the briefest brush of their mouths together when Ryuko spoke and Satsuki couldn’t help but note the way her body vibrated. Electricity coursing through the veins from her ears to her toes. “I suppose not.”

“But seriously, I did not expect this holiday to turn out like another naturals election.” They leaned away from each other. Unceremoniously relinquishing each other's presence.

“Most of the food got used in the fighting. A rather wasteful thing, considering that was what that little show of power was about in the first place,” Satsuki hummed. Stepping away to return to the mountain of dishes waiting to be done. Peeking outside the window located in front of her, she could make out the form of the elite four going about cleaning their portion of the mess outside.

“There was at least some left, though,” Ryuko grumbled while flicking the faucet on and beginning to pull a dish from the precarious stack. “Fucking delicious, too. You’ve gotten way better at cooking.”

“Appreciated,” Satsuki said as Ryuko jutted her hip out to bump into her playfully.

They smiled at each other knowingly before delving into the work at hand. Leaving Satsuki to silently appreciate another holiday listlessly passing by.

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